

R
RADICAL
COMICS

1 of 3

\$4.99
MATURE
READERS

incarnate



NICK SIMMONS • NAM KIM

MANGAEDEN.COM

incarnate™

ISSUE 1 OF 3

Creator and Writer
NICK SIMMONS

Penciler **NICK SIMMONS**

Inker **MATT DALTON**

Colorist **BRIAN BUCCELLATO**

Assistant Artists **NAM KIM, BEN HARVEY & SHI HUA WANG of
STUDIO IL**

Letterer **ROB STEEN**



COVER A
Jo Chen

R **RADICAL™**
PUBLISHING

President & Publisher **BARRY LEVINE**
Executive Vice President **JESSE BERGER**
SVP Operations **EDMUND SHERN**
Editor in Chief **DAVID WOHL**
General Counsel **MATTHEW BERGER**
Director of Marketing **GIANLUCA GLAZER**
Director of Production **JOHN ZOPFI**
Director of Operations **TEDDY CABUGOS**
Art Director **JEREMY BERGER**
Designer **NICK CABUGOS**
Special Projects Editor **DAVID ELLIOTT**
Executive Assistant **TAWNY RODRIGUEZ**
Office Coordinator **BARRETT WEISLOW**

INCARNATE Issue ONE of THREE. AUGUST 2009. Published by Radical Comics. Office of publication: 7421 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90036. Copyright © 2009 Nick Simmons and Radical Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Incarnate™ (including all prominent characters featured herein), its logo and all character likenesses are trademarks of RADICAL PUBLISHING, INC. unless otherwise noted. Radical Comics™ is a trademark of Radical Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for review purposes) without the express written permission of Radical Publishing, Inc. All names, characters, events and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. PRINTED IN CHINA.



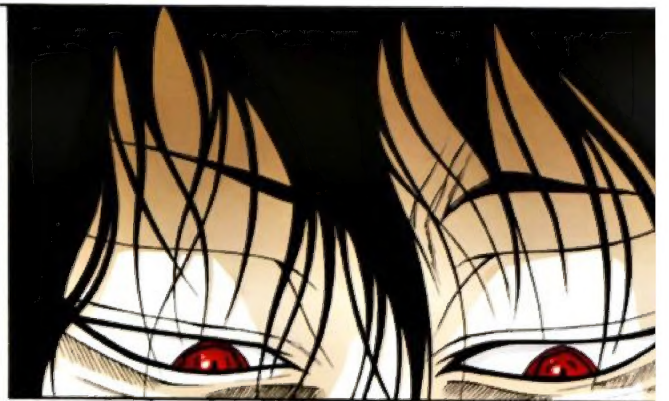
*"Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow.
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die."*

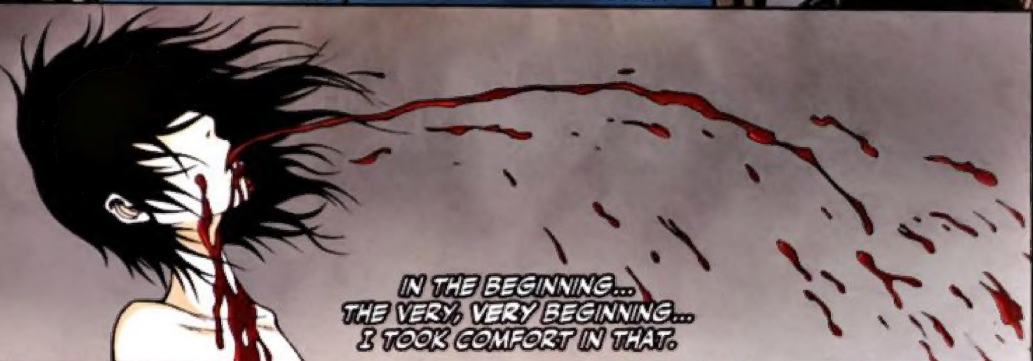
-John Donne (1572-1631)

"I will always love you."

-Death (∞)







HUMANS KILL EACH OTHER. IN EVERY ERA, EVERY EMPIRE, EVERY CITY, THEY KILL EACH OTHER. FOR EVERY REASON, AND FOR NO REASON AT ALL, THEY KILL EACH OTHER.

IN THE BEGINNING...
THE VERY, VERY BEGINNING...
I TOOK COMFORT IN THAT.

NO.
KILLING DOESN'T
BOTHER ME
ANYMORE.

IT'S THE
HUNGER.

IT'S THE
DESPERATE
FEELING THAT I
NEED TO
EAT THEM.
TO SURVIVE.

I KNOW
FROM EXPERIENCE:
I DON'T NEED
ANYTHING.
I AM CONSTANT.
I AM A VIRUS.


BUT THE
HUNGER—
A SEPARATE
BEING UNTO
ITSELF—PULLS
ME BY MY VEINS
TO MY SOPPING
SCARLET TREATS.

I AM A
BLOODHOUND
TETHERED TO AN
INVISIBLE MASTER.
I MUST HAVE
MY QUARRY.

I COULDN'T
STOP, EVEN IF I
WANTED TO.

AND THIS TIME,
I KIND OF WANTED TO.

THAT BOTHERS ME.



THE
WORLD IS
CRUEL.

I AM CRUEL.

Chapter 1: LITTLE BOY DEATH

FOOD TO REGAIN
MY STRENGTH.
APPROPRIATE CLOTHING
FOR THE ERA.
THE VAGABOND
GENEROUSLY
PROVIDED BOTH.

AS IS MY CUSTOM,
I SHED MY PREVIOUS
GARMENTS AND BEGIN TO
DON THE HUMAN'S, DOWN
TO THE TINIEST ACCESSORY.

I AM A REPTILE, ADAPTABLE, AND
MY OLD SKINS NO LONGER
ALLOW ME TO BLEND IN.

NO ONE
HAS DRESSED LIKE
THAT FOR DECADES.
THE SHIRT, ESPECIALLY,
HAS ALREADY
BEGUN TO UNRAVEL
AND DECAY.

BUT I REMAIN,
UNCHANGED,
BENEATH THEM.
SO I CAST THEM
ASIDE.



THERE IS
SOMETHING WRONG.
SOMETHING MORE WRONG
THAN USUAL IN THIS CITY.
I FEEL PROBING EYES,
SQUIRMING BRAINS,
BUSY, BUSY, BUSY LITTLE
MAMMALS. I SMELL
THEIR SWEAT. I LISTEN
TO THE RUSTLE
OF THEIR HAIR AS IT
GROWS LIKE GRASS,
THE STRANGE RASP OF
THEIR BREATHING.

SOMETHING
HAS HAPPENED
SINCE I'VE BEEN
AWAY.

SOMETHING
HAS CHANGED.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
I CAN MAKE THE KILL TONIGHT.
BUT THERE ARE A FEW DETAILS, IN
ADDITION TO THE FEE, THAT WE
NEED TO DISCUSS... IS THE TARGET
OVERWEIGHT? ...AH, GOOD.
I HATE FAT PEOPLE. I'M WATCHING
MY CHOLESTEROL, Y'SEE.

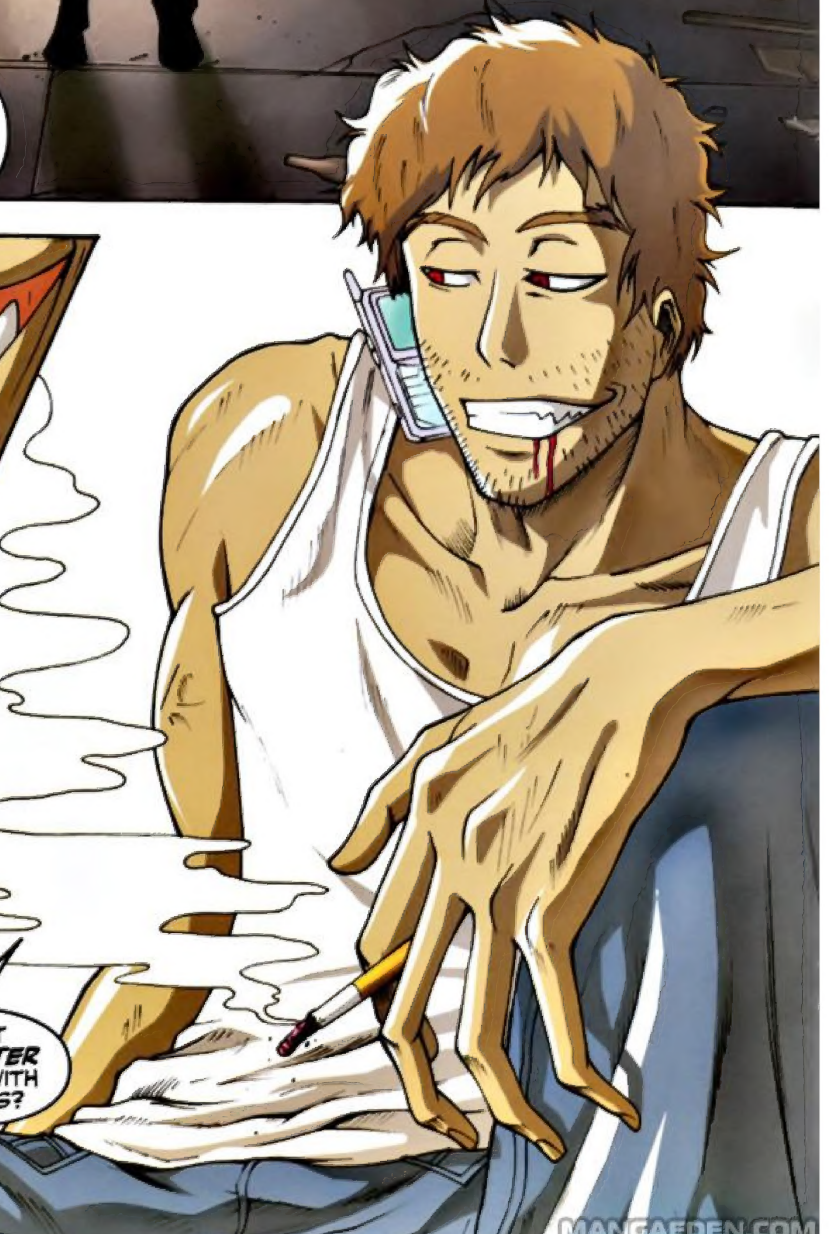


SO...IT'S REALLY TRUE...
WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT YOU?
YOU ACTUALLY--



RELAX, I'M JUST
KIDDING AROUND. I'LL GET
THE JOB DONE. DON'T SOUND SO
DISTURBED. IT'S AN UGLY BUSINESS,
YOU'RE PROBABLY GOING TO RUN
INTO SOME STRANGE PEOPLE.
AND BESIDES...

...DOES IT
REALLY MATTER
WHAT I DO WITH
THE BODIES?





HELLO,
CONNOR.







?!
?!

THUD

YOU!!!

WHY DID YOU SHOOT ME IN THE FACE?!?

ME.

BECAUSE YOU'RE UGLY.

...WHAT? WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM?!

WELL, I HAD A VERY TRAUMATIZING CHILDHOOD--

CUT THE SHIT!!

RELAX... YOU'LL BE FINE.

YOU SHOULD RELISH THE OPPORTUNITY TO CLEAR YOUR HEAD FOR A WHILE.



HAR. HAR.
YOU'RE A REAL
ASSHOLE, MOT.
YOU KNOW
THAT?



YES. SO, THIS IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN STAYING?
I CAN'T SAY I ENVY YOU. THE ROTTING WOOD
AND DISCHARGED SYRINGES ARE A NICE
TOUCH, THOUGH. IT MUST BE COZY
IN THE WINTER.

I DON'T *LIVE* HERE,
YOU IDIOT, I JUST STORE
THE BODIES HERE 'TIL I'M
DONE WITH THEM. AND I DON'T
NEED *FENG SHUI* ADVICE
FROM SOME LITTLE
WALKING *CORPSE*.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?
IT'S ONLY BEEN A FEW DECADES.
YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE NEVER
COMING BACK. HELL, I WAS DOING
JUST *FINE* UNTIL YOU SHOWED UP.
NOW I CAN'T EVEN STAY HERE.

I ASSUME YOU
ALREADY KILLED NICE
OLD MR. FINCH IN THE LOBBY...
THAT *IS* HIS GUN, RIGHT?
YOU'RE UNBELIEVABLE. WHY
DON'T YOU GO CRAWL BACK
INTO WHATEVER SEWER YOU
FLOPPED OUT OF, YOU
LITTLE SADIST?



REALLY,
CONNOR,
I'M SURPRISED...
HAVEN'T YOU FELT IT?
WE ARE BEING *CALLED*.
THERE'S SOMETHING
DISTURBING...NO...
EXCITING...
HAPPENING IN
THIS CITY.



YOU WOULD
HAVE FELT IT BY
NOW, IF YOU HAD
BEEN PAYING
ATTENTION.



AND
YOU HAVE?

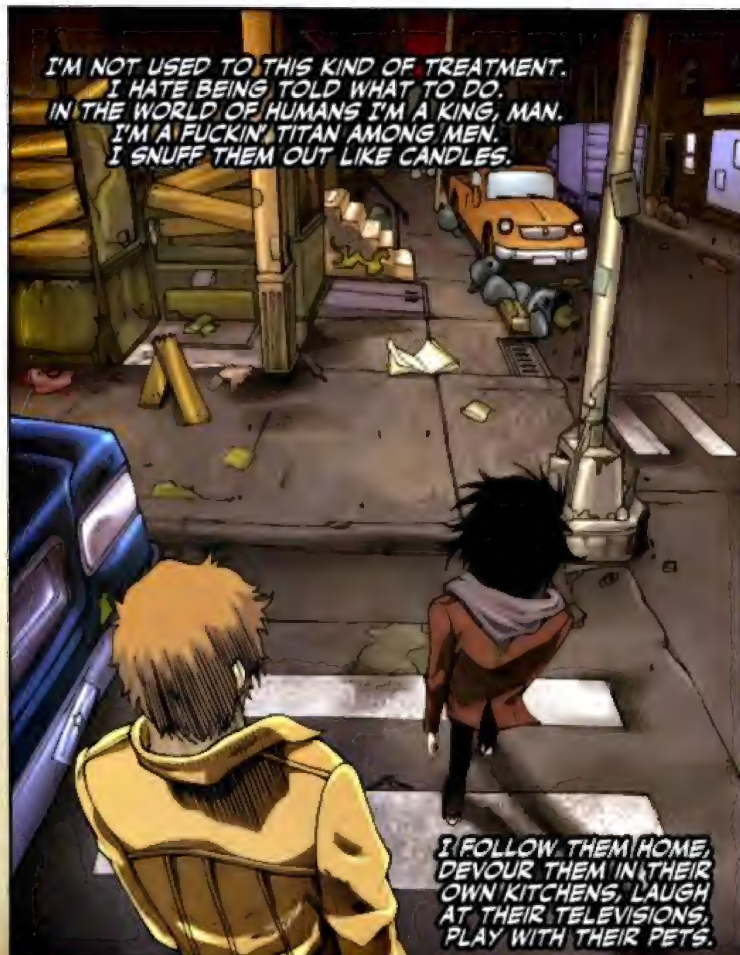


OF
COURSE.



GET YOUR
COAT. WE'RE
LEAVING.





I'M NOT USED TO THIS KIND OF TREATMENT.
I HATE BEING TOLD WHAT TO DO.
IN THE WORLD OF HUMANS I'M A KING, MAN.
I'M A FUCKIN' TITAN AMONG MEN.
I SNUFF THEM OUT LIKE CANDLES.

I FOLLOW THEM HOME,
DEVOUR THEM IN THEIR
OWN KITCHENS, LAUGH
AT THEIR TELEVISIONS,
PLAY WITH THEIR PETS.



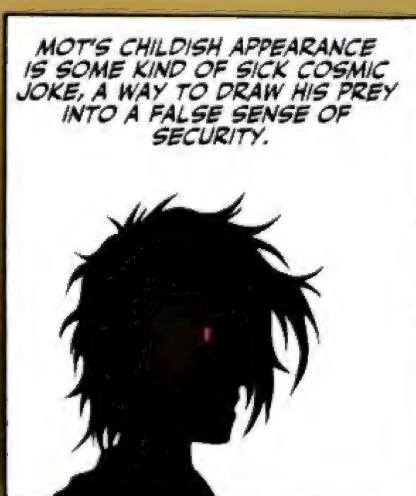
HELL, I'VE EVEN
MANAGED TO MAKE A
LITTLE MONEY OFF OF
IT IN RECENT YEARS.

BUT TO THIS
SMALL BOY, I'M THE
UNDERLING. I'M THE
MOUSE TO BE TOYED
WITH. I'M NOT USED
TO THAT.

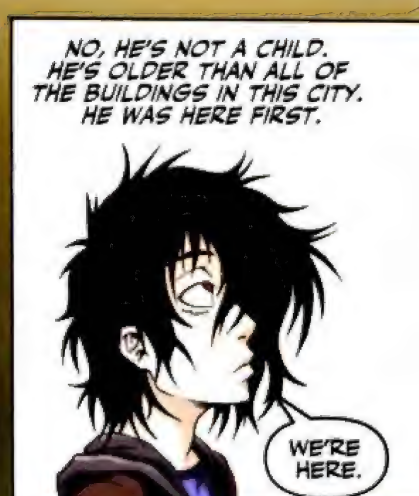


WAIT... WHAT AM I THINKING?
NO... NOT A SMALL BOY.

I SHOULD
KNOW BETTER
THAN THAT.

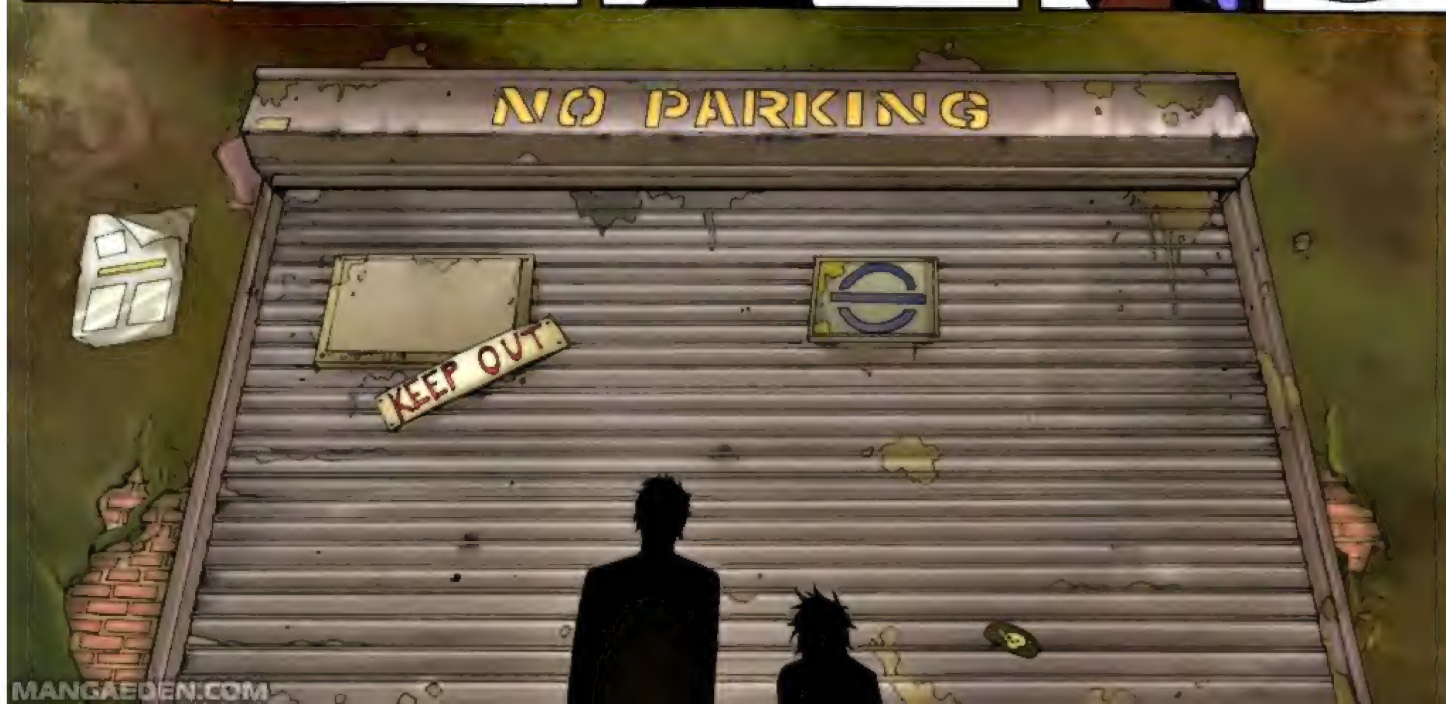


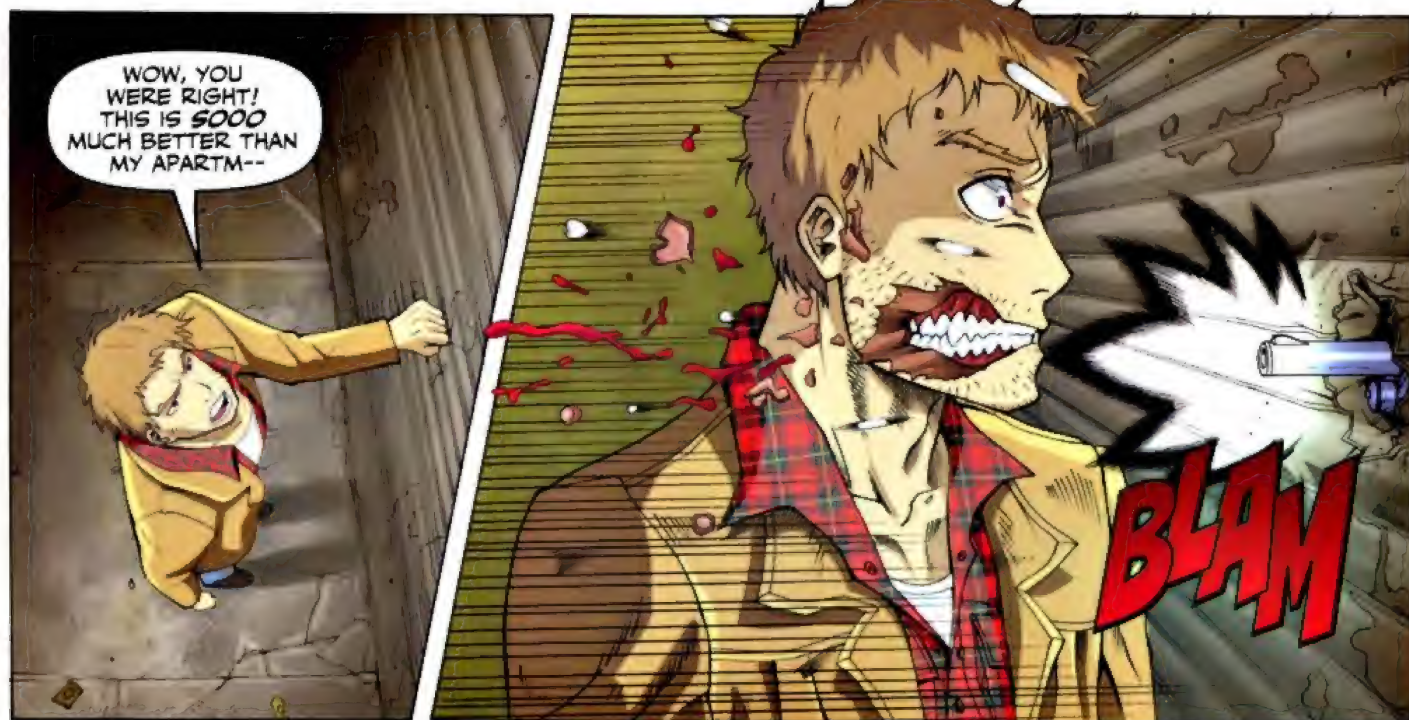
MOT'S CHILDISH APPEARANCE
IS SOME KIND OF SICK COSMIC
JOKE, A WAY TO DRAW HIS PREY
INTO A FALSE SENSE OF
SECURITY.



NO, HE'S NOT A CHILD.
HE'S OLDER THAN ALL OF
THE BUILDINGS IN THIS CITY.
HE WAS HERE FIRST.

WE'RE
HERE.







...TO MY
CLUBHOUSE OF
FORGOTTEN
GODS.





ENOUGH WITH THE PLEASANTRIES, RIPLEY. GET ON WITH IT.



SIGH...
FINE THEN.
I WAS GOING TO
WAIT UNTIL SOME
OF THE OTHERS
ARRIVED, BUT
SO BE IT.

IT IS A
VERY DISTURBING
DEVELOPMENT, I'M AFRAID.
DISTURBING ENOUGH THAT I
HAVE BEEN FORCED TO CALL
THIS MEETING OVER A
DECADE EARLIER THAN
I ORIGINALLY
PLANNED.



MY INFORMANTS HAVE BEEN
SCOURING THE CITY, AND
HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE
HUMANS HAVE BEEN
ORGANIZING, SECRETLY.
THEY ARE AWARE OF US,
AND HAVE DECLARED WAR.

THIS ORGANIZATION IS...
DIFFERENT THAN THE "WITCH HUNTS"
WE'VE DEALT WITH IN CENTURIES
PAST. THEY MASQUERADE AS A
MULTI-NATIONAL CONGLOMERATE,
BUT UNDERNEATH OPERATE MORE
LIKE A VAST RELIGIOUS CULT, LED BY
ONE "FATHER" SOLOMON VANE.



MANY OF US REMEMBER
THE VANE FAMILY...THEY HAVE
BEEN HUNTING REVENANTS
SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL.
SOLOMON'S GROUP IS
MERCILESS, WELL TRAINED,
WELL EQUIPPED, AND
ABSOLUTELY DEDICATED
TO WIPING OUT EACH AND
EVERY ONE OF US.

THEY CALL
THEMSELVES
SANCTUM.

WE DON'T YET KNOW WHERE THEY GET THEIR NUMBERS, NOR DO WE KNOW WHERE THEIR SUBSIDIES ORIGINATE. BUT ONE THING IS CLEAR: THEY HAVE BEEN PLANNING THEIR ATTACK FOR A LONG TIME, RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES, AND HAVE BECOME EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

IN PARTICULAR...
A CERTAIN GENERAL BY
THE NAME OF VINCENT...

RIPLEY, PLEASE... SPARE ME THIS DRIVEL. GUNS, RIFLES AND KNIVES... THE HUMANS' USUAL TACTICS.

SUCH PITIFUL METHODS DO NOT CONCERN ME. THEY'VE EXISTED FOR A LONG TIME NOW AND HAVE FAILED TO POSE A THREAT.

AH, BUT YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH. THERE IS A REASON I'M GIVING SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THIS ORGANIZATION... THIS TOO, STARTED AS A RUMOR... BUT MY INFORMANTS HAVE CONFIRMED IT.

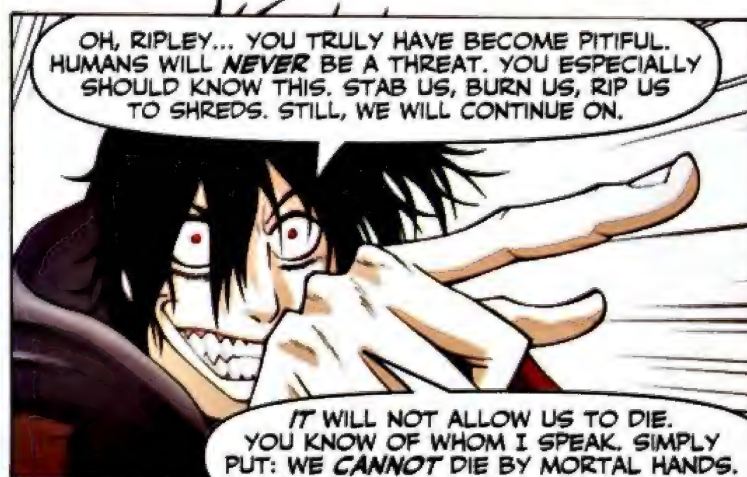
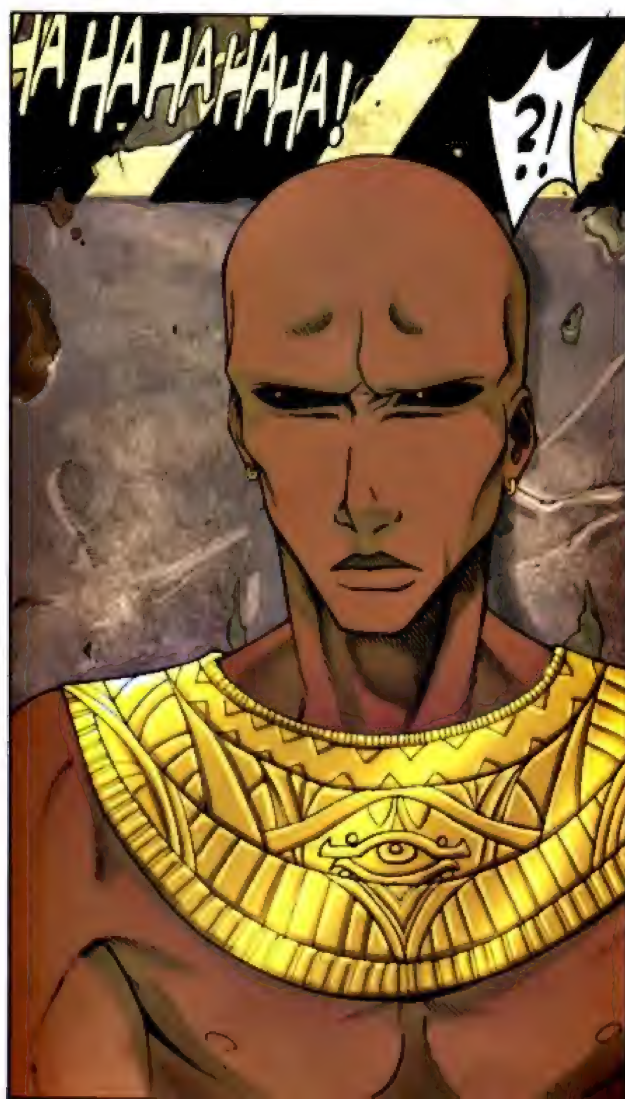
SANCTUM HAS DISCOVERED HOW TO KILL US.

THAT MEANS YOU TOO, MOT.

...KILL?
...ME?

HEH...
HEH HEH HEH
HEH...

HA HA HA...
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA...!





I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT MOT DOES HAVE A POINT. THE FIRST WORLD WAR SHOWED US ALL WE CAN WITHSTAND...

THE ONLY TIME I'VE EVER HEARD OF A REVENANT DYING WAS AT THE HANDS OF ANOTHER, MORE POWERFUL REVENANT. MAYBE YOUR INFORMANTS **EXAGGERATED** A LITTLE...



YEAH, I AGREE WITH HER. BESIDES, I'M KINDA CURIOUS TO SEE THESE SECRET WEAPONS MYSELF.

WHO KNOWS? COULD BE FUN. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GUYS DO... **THIS...** FOR CENTURIES. I FOUND MYSELF BORED AFTER THE FIRST DECADE OF--



THAT'S ENOUGH!



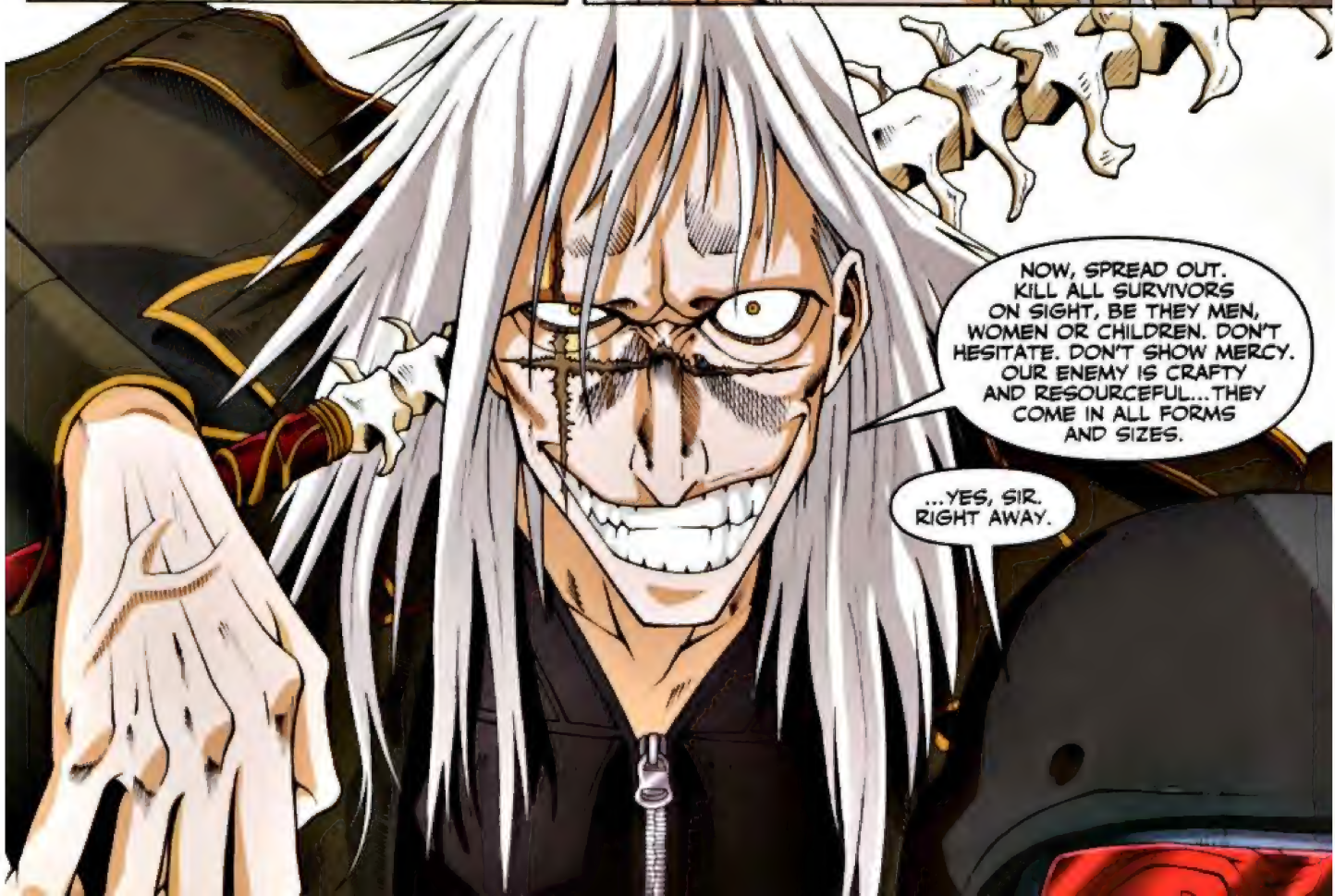
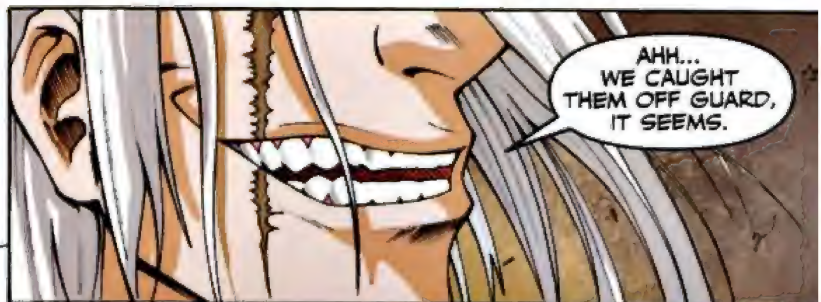
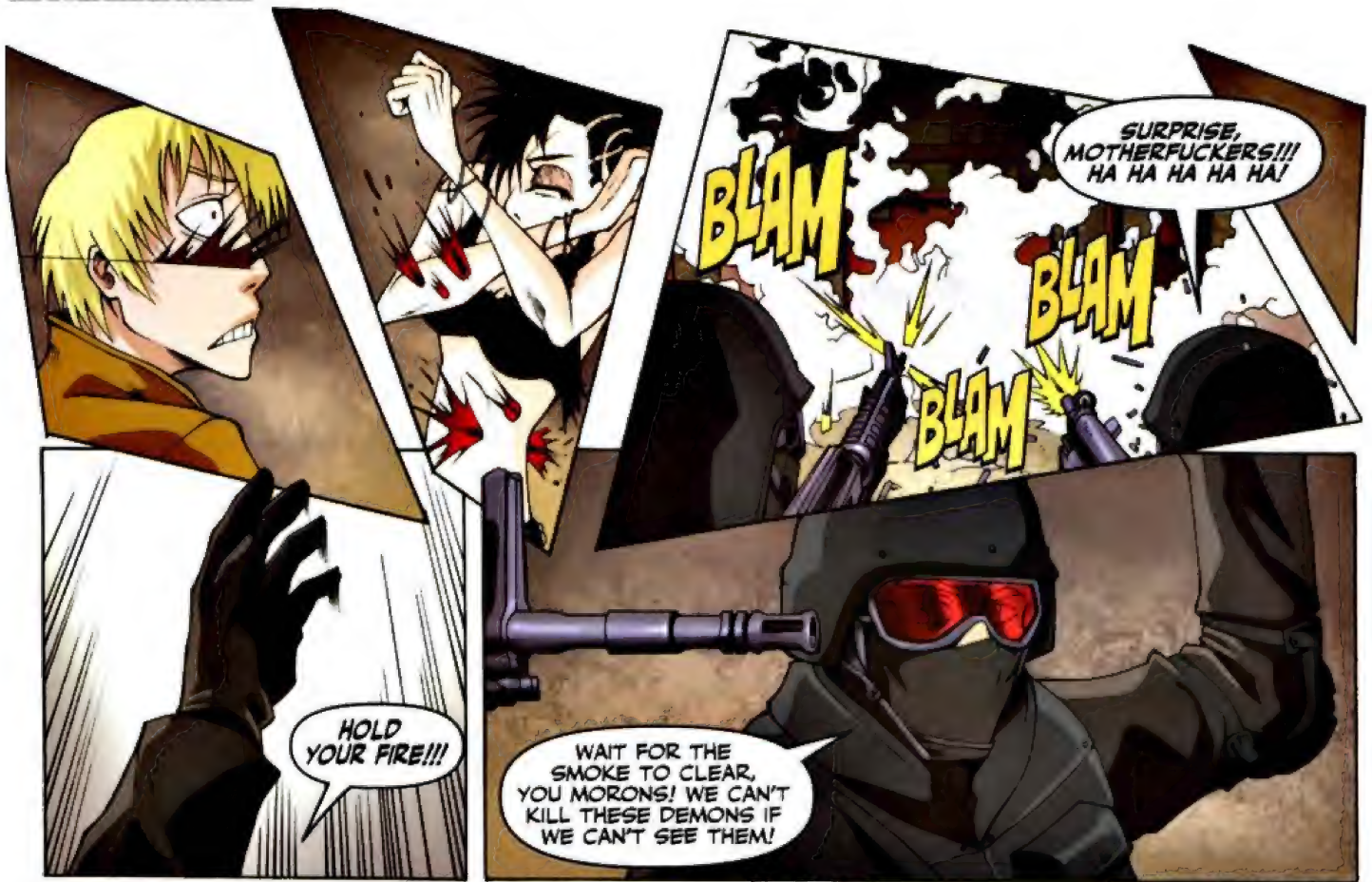
THIS IS NOT A JOKE! IT IS NOT A MATTER OF WHETHER OR NOT THEY **CAN** ANYMORE! THESE WEAPONS HAVE BEEN **TESTED**. THAT MEANS **THESE HUMANS** HAVE **ACTUALLY KILLED** COUNTLESS REVENANTS ACROSS THE CONTINENT! IT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!

SURVIVAL IS NOW SOMETHING WE MUST **THINK** ABOUT! THERE IS A VERITABLE TURNING OF TIDES, AN UPSET IN THE BALANCE OF POWER ON THE HORIZON, AND ALL OF YOU IN YOUR BLIND IGNORANCE ARE SITTING THERE AS IF THIS IS A...A **PEST CONTROL** PROBLEM!!



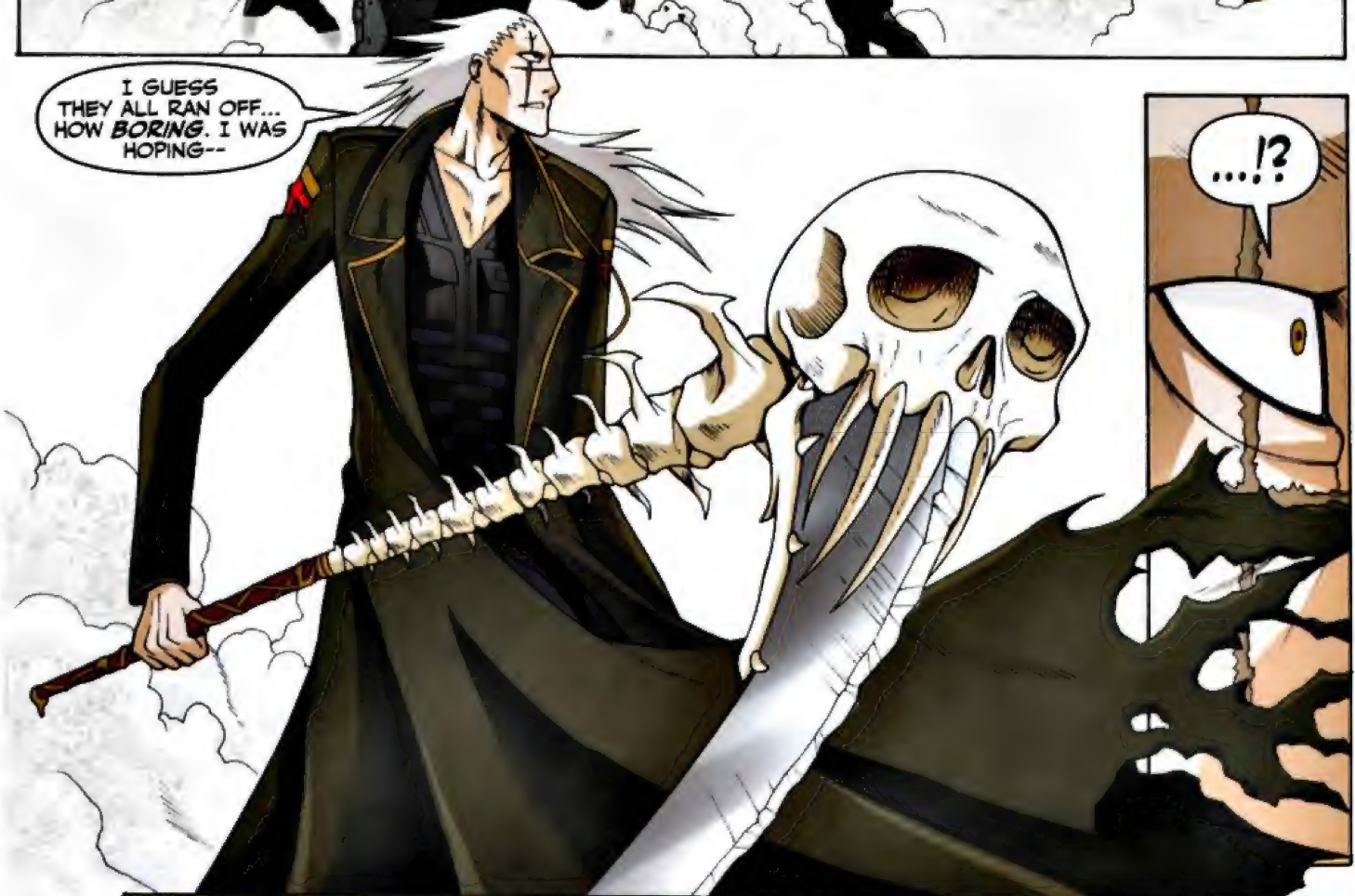








I GUESS
THEY ALL RAN OFF...
HOW *BORING*. I WAS
HOPING--



...!?

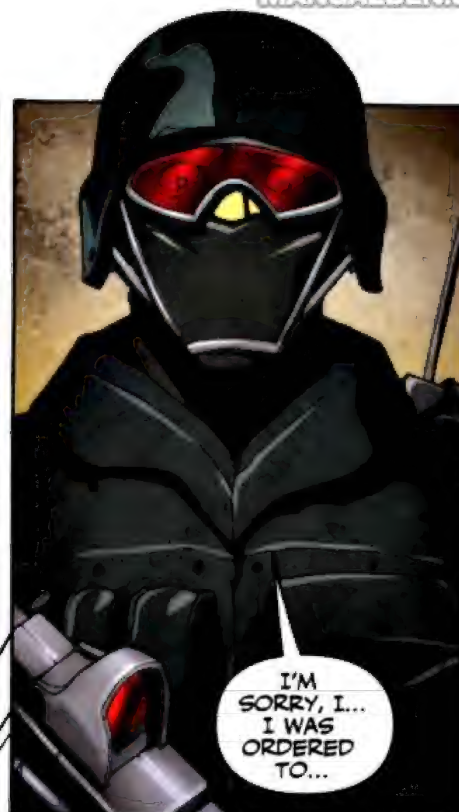


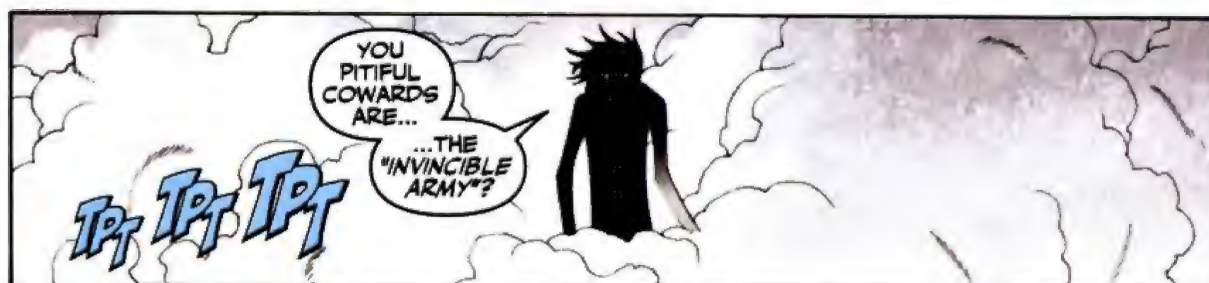
AHHH... LOOKS LIKE
TONIGHT'S GOING TO BE
FUN AFTER ALL...



WHO'S
THERE?

SOMEONE...
SOMEONE
HELP ME...







I AM NOT IMPRESSED.



WELL DONE, LITTLE DEMON, WELL DONE. YOU TRULY ARE THE GENUINE ARTICLE, SPAWNED FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL! I AM VINCENT, LEADER OF *SANCTUM'S* SPECIAL OPERATIONS DIVISION AND GENERAL OF ITS PRIVATE ARMY.

AND I AM MOT. WHAT FOUL NAMES YOU CALL ME... A MONSTER, A *DEMON*, AM I? I DO HOPE THAT BLADE YOU WIELD IS AS SHARP AS YOUR TONGUE.



I DON'T DISAPPOINT. I PROMISE YOU THAT. BUT...IT LOOKS LIKE *YOU'VE* BEEN LEFT ALONE. ALL YOUR COMRADES ARE EITHER DEAD...OR THEY'VE ABANDONED YOU. TELL ME... WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?



YOU'RE FIRST.



SURPRISE,
MOTHERFUCKER!

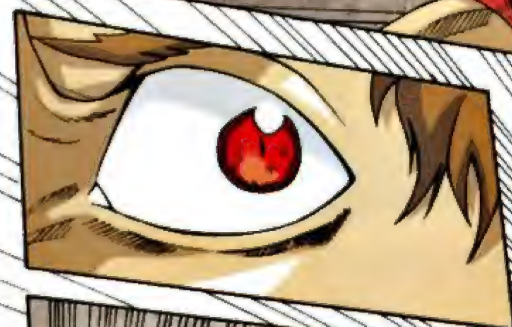


CRACK



WAIT!









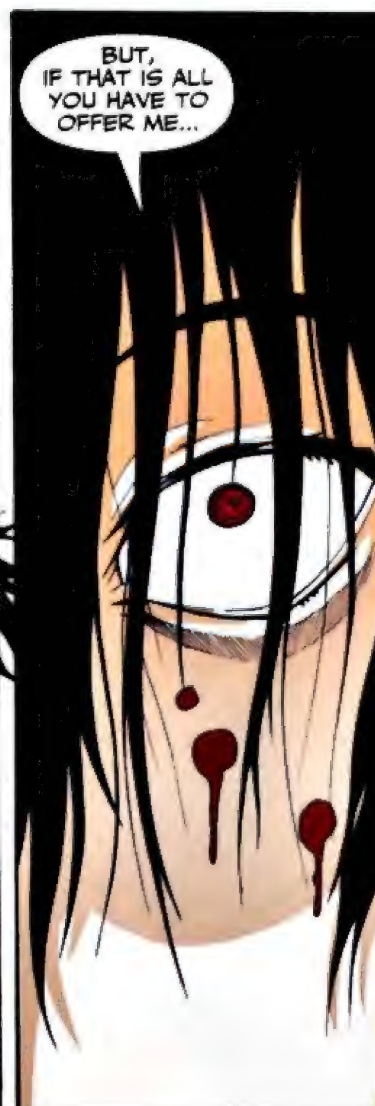




SPUT

BAP BAP BAP

THUD



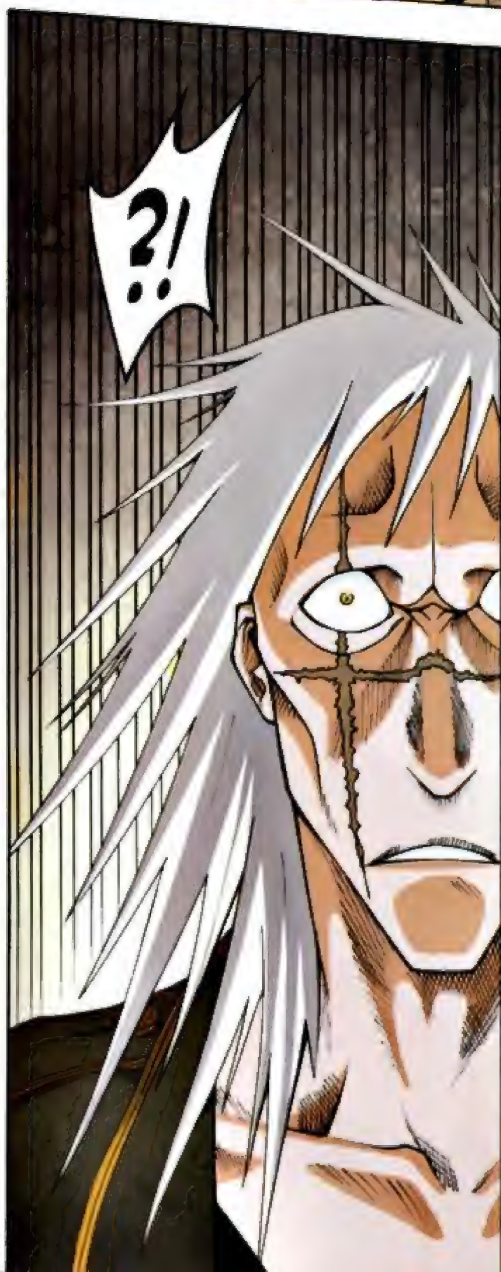




HAH...
HA HA HA...
IT'S OVER...

YEAH!!
THAT GOT
'EM!

HA HA!!
DIE YOU FUCKING
FREAK!

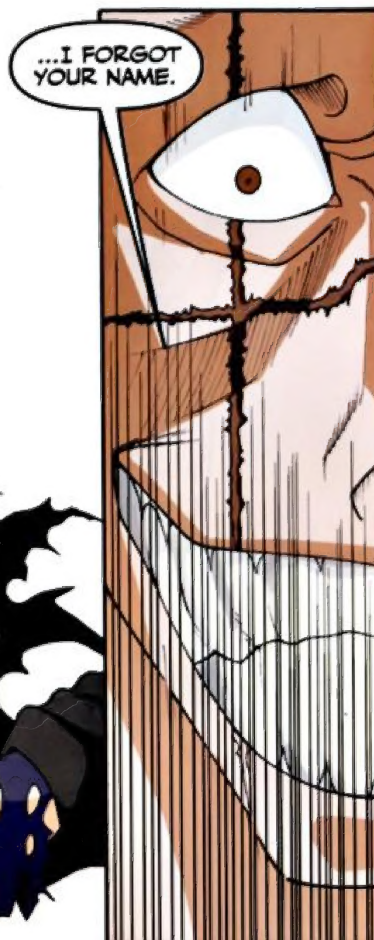


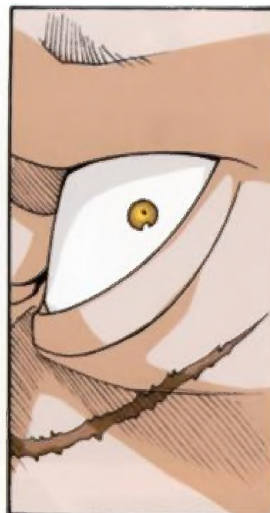






WHAT
IS THAT
BLADE
MADE
OF???



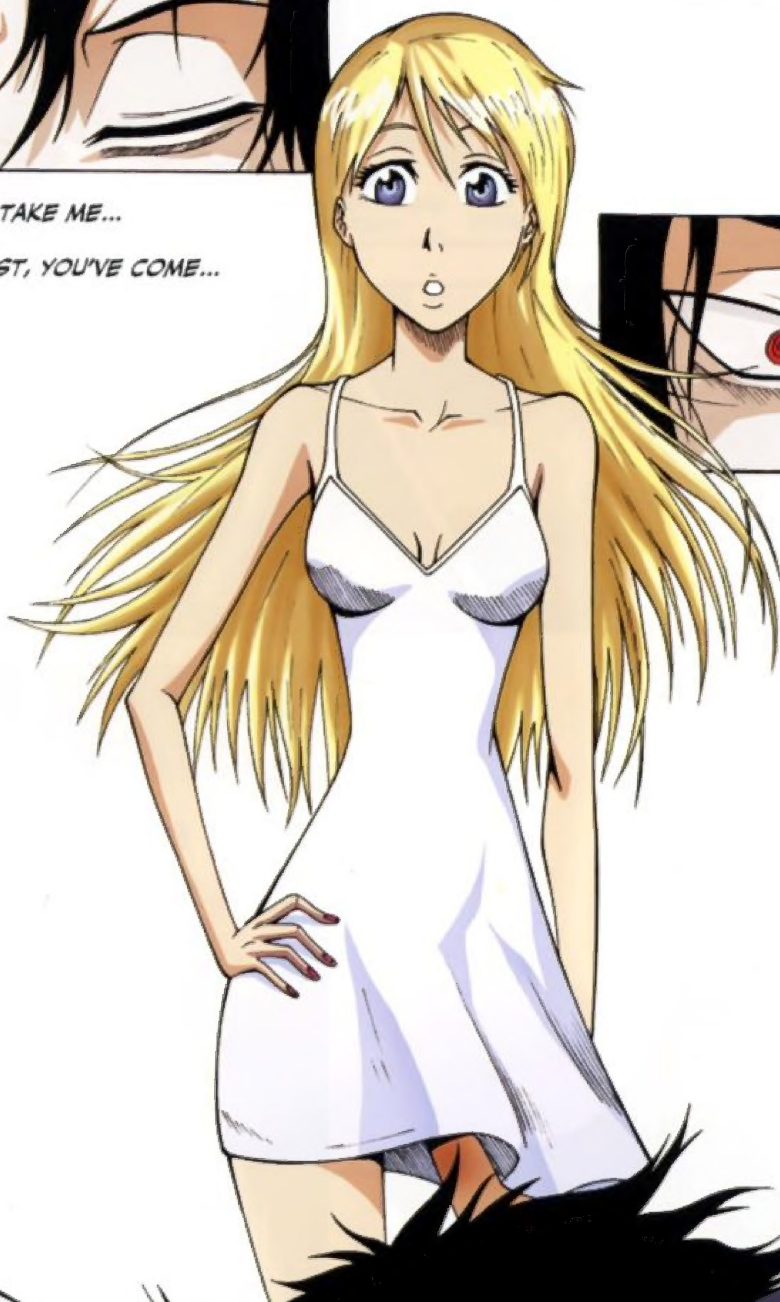


THAT'S
ENOUGH,
VINCENT.



YOU'VE COME TO TAKE ME...

AT LAST, YOU'VE COME...



WAIT...WHAT IS THIS?
NO...NO, THIS IS WRONG...
WHO IS THIS?
YOU ARE NOT...

THIS...
IS NOT
DEATH.



TO BE CONTINUED



Outcast...Pariah...Rejected...
The unholy undead...I am The Unresurrected...